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MARCH, 1898.

No. 5.

# LITTLE FOLKS

## AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY FOR YOUNGEST READERS

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# CONTENTS OF LITTLE FOLKS, MARCH, 1898.

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|                                                    | Page                         |
|----------------------------------------------------|------------------------------|
| Frontispiece. Down by the brook. . . . .           | 130                          |
| Drawn by L. J. Bridgman.                           |                              |
| Pussy Willow's Party. . . . .                      | Elizabeth Hill . . . 131     |
| Illustration: Frontispiece.                        |                              |
| Overheard in the Park . . . . .                    | C. S. P. . . . 133           |
| Illustration by Elizabeth S. Tucker.               |                              |
| Who Played the Piano? . . . . .                    | Edward A. Rand . . 133       |
| Illustration by L. J. Bridgman.                    |                              |
| Sweetheart's Piece. . . . .                        | Cora Howard Crandon . 135    |
| Two illustrations by Margaret Johnson.             |                              |
| A Little Traveller Picture . . . . .               | Lillian Gertrude Smith . 138 |
| A Vacant House. . . . .                            | Mary Hicks VanDerburgh . 139 |
| Illustrations by L. J. Bridgman.                   |                              |
| The Littlest One of the Browns. Chapter V. . . . . | Sophie Swett . . . 140       |
| Two illustrations by W. A. McCullough.             |                              |
| In a Kindergarten. . . . .                         | Emilie Poulsson . . . 144    |
| Illustrations by Elizabeth W. Tucker.              |                              |
| Perhaps. . . . .                                   | M. E. B. . . . 145           |
| The Alphabet Beautiful. The Letter E. . . . .      | C. E. S. F. P. . . . 146     |
| Three illustrations by Hiram Putnam Barnes.        |                              |
| Dipsey-Dee. . . . .                                | Florence A. Haskell . . 148  |
| Four illustrations by Lillian C. True.             |                              |
| Dear Old Queen Ann. The Booboo Stories. . . . .    | Gertrude Smith . . . 152     |
| Two illustrations by F. T. Merrill.                |                              |
| God's Eyes. . . . .                                | Joe Cone . . . . 154         |
| Lost—Little Dog Brownie. . . . .                   | Margaret Madden . . 155      |
| Illustration by L. J. Bridgman.                    |                              |
| Harry Heth's Pockets . . . . .                     | Etheldred B. Barry . . 156   |
| Illustration by the Author.                        |                              |
| What Did the Black Cat Do?—Guess! V. . . . .       | Margaret Johnson . . 159     |
| Illustrations by the Author.                       |                              |

## DEPARTMENTS.

|                                                                                  |     |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| Housekeeping for Children. Mothers' Department. Part I. A. B. Stockham . . . . . | i   |
| Easy Puzzles . . . . . Play Time. . . . .                                        | ii  |
| The Little Folks' Letter-Bag. . . . .                                            | iii |
| Publisher's Department. . . . .                                                  | iv  |

## LITTLE FOLKS

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DOWN BY THE BROOK.

# LITTLE FOLKS

VOL. I.

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No. 5

## PUSSY WILLOW'S PARTY.

W<sup>EE</sup> Pussy Willow,  
The dear little thing,  
Gave a puss-party  
One morning in spring,  
Down by the brook  
That went flowing along,  
Gleefully singing  
A merry March song.

Out on the willow-stems,  
Seated in rows,  
Holding on tight  
By their little brown toes,  
Hundreds of pussies,  
All silvery gray,  
Waited demurely  
The signal for play.

Down from the alder twigs  
Clambered and clung,  
Flirting their tails  
To and fro as they swung,  
More little pussies —  
Puss Willow's catkin —  
Who never could wait  
For the fun to begin.

Up on the hazel,  
The poplar and birch,  
More little kitties  
Had taken their perch —  
Puss Willow's young cousins,  
A frolicsome clan ;  
What a relief  
When the party began !

To the chirrup of squirrels  
Aloft in the trees,  
The dear little kitty-cats  
Danced with the breeze ;  
The frogs were croak-croaking,  
The woodpecker drummed,  
The chickadees chattered,  
The bumble-bees bummed.

They played "hippity-hop,"  
And "tag," and "I-spy,"  
With a bright little bluebird  
As blue as the sky ;  
They had a good dinner  
Of sunbeams and sap ;  
And when they were tired  
They all took a nap.

And if Pussy Willow,  
The dear little thing,  
Has another puss-party  
Some morning next spring,  
You and I, little girlie,  
Will go have a look  
At the frisky proceedings  
Down there by the brook.

*Elizabeth Hill.*



THE SQUIRREL AND THE ROBIN AND THE GIRL.

## OVERHEARD IN THE PARK.

*(The squirrel speaks.)*

“O SEE, dear Miss Robin, the birds on her hat,  
That will never sing more —  
And the squirrel-skin boa!  
O look, dear Miss Robin, and see  
The girl that would wear you and me!  
And next, she'll be wearing her own pussy-cat!”

C. S. P.

## WHO PLAYED THE PIANO?

GRANDMA had a piano. It was so very fine that she would rarely allow anyone to play on it. In state, it stood in the parlor.

Grandma had a visitor, her grandson Tommy. She loved Tommy, but she would not allow even him to touch the ivory keys.

Grandma had a cat. He was a big yellow thing. She

called him "Jumbo." He had long, long whiskers. He loved to catch mice. Jumbo could smell a mouse a mile off, Grandma said.

One day Tommy was sitting by a window in the parlor. He was reading *Robinson Crusoe*. He was in the wreck with Crusoe, and then on the lonely shore. Tommy's body only was in the parlor. Tommy's thoughts had gone far away.

Grandma was out in the kitchen, making pies. Her thoughts as well as her fingers were with her pies.

"Hark!" Grandma said presently. "Can it be possible that Tommy is playing on that piano!"

Into the parlor she hurried. "I—I don't like to have you play on the piano, Tommy."

"I didn't, Grandma," Tommy said, keeping his eyes on his book.

"What, Tommy?"

Grandma looked so surprised. But Tommy was thinking of Crusoe. She went back to her pies saying to herself, "Did Tommy tell the truth?"

Again Grandma heard playing. She rushed in, quicker than before. "Why, Tommy, I don't want you to play"—

"I didn't," said Tommy, his eyes on his Crusoe.

"Who did play, then?"

Tommy absently looked around toward the piano. "I—I don't know."

At first Grandma felt like saying, "Nonsense! You're not telling the truth!"

She did not say it. She was wise and loving. Doubt a boy's word? One's word is something to be thought highly of. She must take his word.

Tommy, too, felt like saying something, but he, too, was wise and loving.

"I can't be cross to my Grandma," he thought. "I—I guess I will go out of doors. I won't stay where a piano plays itself."

Then Grandma said to herself, "I am going to see about this thing!"

She brought in a pan of apples she was paring, and sat down where she could look straight at the piano.

And what did she see, in a moment?

She saw a hidden being spring out from behind a chair and go straight to the piano and walk across those sacred keys.

It was Jumbo, the cat, and he ran his whiskers into every little corner!

Grandma lifted up her hands. Then she turned. She heard



AND WHAT DID SHE SEE, IN A MOMENT?

a noise at a window, and saw Tommy looking in and grinning. She called out, "I know now, Tommy! He smells a mouse, Tommy, he smells a mouse!"

Yes, and Jumbo soon brought a mouse out from the back of the piano.

"Well," said Grandma, "cats are not the only folks in the house to be fed."

She called Tommy into the pantry and gave him a big piece of squash pie.

## SWEETHEART'S PIECE.



SWEETHEART SPEAKS.

FOR the first time in his life Jack was going to speak in school. His teacher had asked him to learn some verses and recite them Friday afternoon, and as this was his first year in school and as he thought he shouldn't enjoy speaking in public, it made quite an event for Jack.

Jack had chosen to learn a verse that often had been read to him by his mama, called "Little Albert." It was in a sweet little poem about a small boy who was afraid to go to sleep in the dark. (It is hard to believe such a story of a boy, but it's true, I suppose.)

Friday came at last, and as a special favor from Miss Rich, his teacher, Jack was permitted to invite his little sister, Sweetheart, to come to the school — to see, perhaps, like little Jack Horner, what a great boy he was getting to be.

"Now, Sweetheart," said Jack as they trotted along, "you must sit very still and fold your hands, and be sure you don't talk aloud."

"All wight," answered Sweetheart, beaming with joy at the idea of going into a real school. "I'll be a *very* nice 'ittle girl, 'cause Miss Wich wouldn't like me if I wasn't."

Jack felt proud as he escorted his little sister into the school-room, for arrayed as she was in a dainty muslin frock with pink ribbons, she looked like a great handsome dolly, with her blue eyes and flaxy curls.

But when school opened and the exercises began, Jack grew

flushed with excitement, almost dreading to have his turn come; but before it came, the teacher, who wished to be polite to her little guest, asked Sweetheart if she could say a piece.

Sweetheart nodded "yes," and skipping forward to the place where the children had stood who had spoken, she proudly said "Little Albert" as well as such a small person could say it—the very piece she had come to hear her big brother recite.

It was something like this that Sweetheart said:

"'Tittle L'albert's muzzer put him in him's bed,  
Kissed the pitty yinglets on him's pitty head,  
And 'tittle L'albert's muzzer said, 'Angels watch wi' keep  
Over 'tittle L'albert, while 'tittle L'albert goes a-'leeping.'"

Poor little Jack! he looked so surprised, and so "mad," too. Yes, he really looked quite angry, and if he hadn't been such a plucky little man I think he would have cried. Sweetheart finished with a flourish, and a beautiful bow, too. And then she danced back to her seat looking well satisfied.

Jack's turn came the very next, and he got up all disappointed and crestfallen, and went to his place, and said "Little Albert" all over again, for you see he had never liked to learn verses and did not know any others. This is the way Jack said the verse:

"Little Albert's mother tucked him close in bed,  
Kissed the shining ringlets on his curly head,  
And she said, 'Good angels loving watch will keep  
Over little Albert while he goes to sleep.'"



JACK SPEAKS.

And when he had hurried Sweetheart home, and told the whole miserable story to mama, who strangely enough grew

rosy-red and kept wiping away what looked like real tears, Jack turned to his little sister and said sternly, "Well, Sweetheart, I don't believe I'll take you to school with me again, for you didn't treat me so very well. But," he added, laughing out suddenly, "I don't believe the children, any of them, guessed what you said, for you didn't say a quarter of your words plain!"

And the children *didn't* guess, though perhaps it was different with Miss Rich.

*Cara Howard Crandon.*



A LITTLE TRAVELLER.



MOVING IN.

## A VACANT HOUSE.

MERRY little Snow Sprites,  
Flying through the air,  
Spied an empty bird's nest  
Brown, and lone, and bare.

Said one tiny Snowflake:  
"Much I wonder why  
Birds should leave their houses  
Open to the sky!

"Let's go in and live there!"  
And the air was dim  
While the flying White Wings  
Filled it to the brim.

Though the North Wind blustered,  
Tossed the nest about—  
Not a wee white Snowflake  
Ever tumbled out!

*Mary Hicks VanDerburgh.*



BEVIS TO THE RESCUE!

## THE LITTLEST ONE OF THE BROWNS.

### CHAPTER V. — BOB'S PLAN.

BOB took the doll up from the road after Mrs. Peter Bent's puppy had torn off its pretty yellow hair and the wheel of the heavy tin wagon had run over it.

Its head was quite bare, its cheeks very pale — the paint being all licked off them — and one of its legs came off in Bob's hand.

"Mam — mam," it said in a feeble little squeak when Bob pressed it.

"The wheel went over the rest of the 'mama,' you see," said Bob.

"Oh, what shall I do now?" sobbed Bee.

And even Bob didn't call her a cry-baby. To have carried off a doll that was worth so much and have it ruined like that, was, as Bob said, "pretty bad business."

Mrs. Peter Bent said that puppy was so mischievous that she didn't know what she should do with him. But she

shouldn't think Bee's mother would let her play with such a doll, every day, and she didn't think it looked pretty for a little girl to ride around on a tin wagon, anyway.

Bob wrapped the remnants of the doll in old Mrs. Pence's shawl, which they found beside the road where the dog had tossed it.

And then, although he had started for Red Hill to see whether the chestnuts were ripe, he turned and walked home with Bee, wheeling his bicycle.

Old Bevis chased the puppy, and although Bob whistled and whistled he wouldn't give up the chase until he had made the puppy drop the doll's yellow wig. And Bevis brought it back in his mouth.

Bob put the wig into his pocket. He said you never could tell when a thing would be useful.

He said he would take care of all that was left of the doll if Bee didn't mind; he should like to examine and find out what it was that had made it say "mama" before it was broken.

Bee said she never wished to see the poor broken doll again; she couldn't bear to.

Bob was very comforting as they walked home. He said that of course old Mrs. Pence must be paid for the doll just as soon as they could get the money. Ten dollars was a good deal, but they must manage to raise it.

He said *they*, taking a share of the trouble; which showed that he knew how to be a brother.

He said he would get the money out of his ten-cent bank; he thought there ought to be enough there to make five dollars, with what Bee had in her bank.

But the worst of those banks was that when you smashed them there never was as much in them as you expected.

Then he would go and tell Mrs. Gerry that she could have his peacocks; she had offered him five dollars for them. And then they would go straight out to the back road and pay old Mrs. Pence for the doll.

When they reached home, Aunt Sallie, in her carriage, had just stopped at the door.

"There's little Bee!" she cried. "I came to see why she ran away. Was it because you didn't like to take care of the baby, Bee?"

"I didn't run away, or at least I didn't mean to run away," answered Bee.

And then she inquired anxiously after the baby's health; which all the other Browns, little and big, thought was so grown-up and polite of Bee that they looked at each other in surprise.

Aunt Sallie said that Viola's toothache had got well so that



SHE SAW OLD MRS. PENCE.

she had gone in, and taken the baby. She was sorry, she added, that little Bee had run away before the caraway cookies were out of the oven. She knew how much Bee liked caraway cookies.

Aunt Sallie went in, then, to see old Mrs. Janeway, and no one thought to ask Bee where she had been.

Bee was afraid that they would never trust her again at Aunt Sallie's, and yet she could not bear to tell why she had run away; they would think her such a very silly person for supposing that the baby had been stolen.

"Never mind!" Bob said, when she told him this trouble. "They'll find out that you're not the running-away kind. You're *not* that, you know. And anyone would have been frightened to come in and find a baby gone. So don't you mind!"

A compliment from Bob was so unusual that it quite cheered one.

But Bee could not eat the nice warm dinner that had been saved for her, not even though Ann put an extra portion of sweet sauce on the apple dumplings and sent in a slice of frosted plum-cake; a pleasant little way that Ann had when she saw red rims around a person's eyes.

Bob was smashing the banks, on the flat stone under the dining-room window — perhaps that was one reason why she could not eat; and he called to her that there was not four dollars in all!

They had kept those banks a long time; they had felt a pride in keeping them since they had been allowed to do just as they pleased with them. But there never was much in Bob's banks.

Bob said ten-cent pieces didn't count up, anyway, except when you were spending them.

"Well, anyway there'll be almost nine dollars with the five for the peacocks; and I'll sell my bantams to Jo Rugg for a dollar and a quarter." Bob said this, looking in at the dining-room window.

He said, too, that he didn't think that old Mrs. Pence would come after Bee with an officer, because she was too nearly blind to have seen who she was.

And when he had gone to sell the peacocks and the bantams, Bee felt so much better that she ate the frosting off the plum-cake.

But she looked up, at the last mouthful, and then rose from her chair, for she saw old Mrs. Pence coming, just as fast as she could, along the garden path.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

*Sophie Swett.*



"GIVE LADIES THE FIRST!"

## IN A KINDERGARTEN.

"OH! *I* want it first," the little maid said;  
 "But *I* want it first," said the boy;  
 And each with imperious gesture and look  
 Laid claim to the pretty new toy.

"You *both* want it *first*, my dear little dears?  
 I wonder then what we can do!  
 For when there's but *one* toy, why, nobody can  
 Give it *first* to each one of *two*!"

(The winsome child faces were dark with self-will;)  
 "Who'll think of some very good plan?"

A silence — and then, lo ! a conqueror's smile  
Transfigured the dear little man.

"Give ladies the first — that's what we must do ;  
Papa says that that's the right way.  
So, Madeleine, *you* ought to have it the first,  
And afterwards then *I* can play."

Complete the surrender the bonny boy made,  
And Madeleine welcomed the toy ;  
Though often her eyes, with a questioning look,  
Were bent on the radiant boy.

Next day, once again the old trouble began,  
The very same "*me* first !" was heard.  
Till sudden the girlie, with big starry eyes  
And eager voice, spoke the new word.

"O, Georgie, I *like* you to have it the first ;  
I only forgot it, you know."  
And new beauty shone in the beautiful face  
With generous love all aglow.

Now, day after day, as the little ones meet,  
The playtime is loving and bright ;  
For each childish heart the sweet lesson has learned  
Of joy in another's delight.

*Emilie Poulsson.*

---

PERHAPS.

WHY do the sparrows twitter so when all the world is still,  
When brooks are frozen over, and snow is on the hill ?  
Perhaps — who knows ? — they chirp so loud to make the  
world hear  
The far-off voice of Summer through the silence of the year.

*M. E. B.*

## THE ALPHABET BEAUTIFUL



IS for Eagle,  
That scales the skies,  
And stares at the sun  
With undazzled eyes.

*(Mama's Eagle Talk.)*

THE children were going to play store. Tom was making the money — by pressing thick paper upon coins and rubbing the circles with the side of a pencil, then cutting them out. “Why are eagles on our money?” he asked suddenly.

“Because the eagle is our national bird,” answered I. “But why do we have the *eagle*?” persisted Tom. “Because the eagle is a great and powerful bird, with terrible beak and talons for fighting, and far-seeing eyes, and mighty wings for flying — because he is the king of birds.

“The eagle,” I went on, “has always been the symbol of power, and a favorite emblem of nations. The old Romans carried eagles at the head of their armies, eagles made of silver or bronze and perched on poles with outspread wings. Napoleon’s armies also carried gilded eagles in place of flags. Some of these eagle emblems, like the Austrian and Russian, are double-headed as a sign of two powers joined together.”

Then I found a picture of the great seal of the United

States, used on government papers. I showed them our eagle with spread wings, holding the arrows of war in his left talons and the olive branch of peace in his right talons. I pointed out the shield on his breast, the upper part of which is blue, the lower part silver crossed by six red bars. "O, the red-white-and-blue!" cried Will. "Yes," said I. And then I told them the words on the ribbon, *E pluribus unum*, meant "one from many," because our one country is made up of many states; and I showed them, too, the thirteen stars over the eagle's head which stand for the thirteen states at the start.



UNITED STATES SEAL.

"Aren't there many kinds of eagles?" asked Will — "which kind is ours?" "Ours is the American Bald Eagle," said I. "Bald," cried Dot, "bald like grandpa?" "O, no," said I, laughing, "only it has that look because it is a brown bird with a white head. Its tail is white too."



THE ROMAN EAGLES.

## DIPSEY-DEE.



HE WAS BROUGHT UP IN A GRAPE-BASKET.

**G**IPSY DEAR — “Dipsey-Dee,” as the children at Beacon Hill Ranch called him — was a handsome blue-jay that for one summer was the playfellow of three little folks in Kansas.

Dipsey-Dee was a clumsy, featherless, tumbling little

squab with a droll peaked head, when the children picked him up on the lawn after a big Kansas cyclone. They made a nest for him in a small grape-basket, with a tiny spoon they fed him bread and milk, and he had sweet juicy mulberries besides. Every time he ate he tried to thank them, with a little cry and a feeble flutter of his pin-feathery baby-wings; and as soon as he was strong enough, he began to flutter up and alight on the heads and hands of his child nurses.

As his wings strengthened more and more, he would fly about, from one to another of the children, and cock his little crested head, his bright eyes showing his interest in their play. He had a great deal of curiosity. His manner of investigating a thing was to stand on “tippy toes” and sharply rap it with his bill. One day he tried to rap open the head of a little visitor who had very black hair, as if he were seeking to satisfy himself that the brains of black-haired little folks were of the same kind as those of the flaxen-haired children he knew.

The hardest task of Dipsey’s little protectors was to teach Mother Bunch the cat, and her kitten, that blue-jays were to

be treated with the same delicate respect which both had learned to bestow upon the chickens. When the bird became full-fledged, it was a pretty sight to see him in his blue feathers gleaming against Bebe's sunny curls or perched inquisitively on Boy Ben's sturdy shoulder, as the children, followed by Mother Bunch and her kitten, went out to search the lawn for grasshoppers, bugs and worms—all for Dipsey. The blue-jay soon learned to frolic with the cat and kitten, running, hiding, and darting from behind bush or tree. Sometimes he would fly suddenly upwards into the branches, to be scrambled after by the cats.

As soon as Dipsey-Dee became fully grown and feathered, he took up his abode in the thick ivy that shaded the piazza. But whether he was in the ivy, or on the lawn, or in the orchard, a call for "Dipsey! Dipsey-Dee!" brought a replying cry, followed by a gleam of blue in the sunlight, for he always flew out into sight to answer us.

Dipsey never learned to seek his own food, or to eat it like other birds. He always depended upon Bebe or Boy Ben, or else he came to the kitchen door, with the hungry cry of a nestling, and ate the forth-coming food with the same outstretched motion of the wings that is seen in a small bird waiting for the mother-bird's feeding.



DIPSEY-DEE, FULL-GROWN AND FEATHERED.

Dipsey was always lonesome if the children were not in sight. He would fly dolefully from window to window, around and around the house, and peer through into all the rooms upstairs and down. When he came to a room that was occu-

piated he would flutter and play at the window, perch on the window-sash, tapping on the glass with his shiny black beak, erecting his crest and shaking his feathers.

He noticed that at a *mion* from Mother Bunch before a door it opened and Mother Bunch went in. So he used to come and mew so exactly like the cat that we always thought it was Mother Bunch and let him in. He also mimicked to perfection the



DIPSEY-DEE AND BABY.

baby's crowing and crying. He and Baby were great friends. It was a very cunning sight to see Baby out in the garden, her fat fingers poking and digging the dirt, while bright blue Dipsey nestled down on her golden curls, his sharp eyes searching the sand for a choice stone to add to his treasures already secreted. He had a great many tuck-away places in the wood-pile and under the rose-bushes for dainty morsels of food and bits of colored glass and pretty pebbles.

Dipsey was very particular about his blue feathers. A pan of water could not be left in his sight without his diving into it.

One could not tell how many baths the bird took a day! His favorite bathing-place was the tank where the horses drank. Here he would flutter and splash, and then fly up on the neck of one of the horses to shake and preen his wet plumage.

He was very fond of the horses. It was charming to see the children out for a drive, with Dipsey-Dee bravely perched on the dashboard of the little carriage, or on the horse's back! Whenever the children drove or walked, Dipsey-Dee drove or walked. And one fall day, when the woods and orchards were full of migrating jays and black-birds, Dipsey went driving and was lost. The children never knew certainly what became of him. But as blood is thicker than water, we suppose that Dipsey must have joined his kin and gone away with them to the sunny South, for on the children's return all the birds had departed, and Dipsey-Dee was not seen again.

The children expect Dipsey-Dee back in the spring, perhaps a little wild mate with him. They sometimes wonder what people on the southward route must have thought of a little blue beggar who came tapping at windows or calling at back-doors to get food. For to the very last, dear, bright, loving little Dipsey-Dee had not learned to feed himself.

*Florence A. Haskell.*



DIPSEY WAS VERY PARTICULAR ABOUT HIS BLUE FEATHERS.

## DEAR OLD QUEEN ANN.

(*The Booboo Stories.*)



ON THE STEPPING-STONES.

AND the big Booboo and the little Booboo lived in a little valley between two high, high hills.

And one day, one clear bright day the big Booboo said, "Oh, hi, ho! I guess I'll go up the hill for a walk."

And the little Booboo said, "I guess I'll go up the hill for a walk."

And the big Booboo said, "Oh, hi, ho! I guess I'll climb Queen Ann and see what I can see."

And the little Booboo laughed, "I guess I'll climb Queen Mary and see what I can see."

(One of the hills was called Queen Mary and one of the hills was called Queen Ann.)

And the big Booboo said, "Where do the violets grow? And where do the baby-blue-eyes grow? And where do the johnny-jump-ups grow?"

And the little Booboo said, "Oh, they grow on Queen Ann! They grow on Queen Ann!"

So Robbie took his climbing-stick, his long, white climbing-stick, and his father took his climbing-stick, and they went down the road and across the meadow, by the little meadow-

path that went zig-zag, zig-zag through the clover white and red. And they crossed the brook on the stepping-stones. And there was Queen Ann, dear Queen Ann all in the morning sunshine with the little path winding zig-zag, zig-zag clear to the very top, tip top.

The little Booboo ran up the path, but his father followed slowly. And every now and then he would call, "Oh, papa, look down, look down! See how high we are! I can see the town, and our little house in the garden!"

And his father would say, "Yes, I see. My son, we'll soon be up at the top, tip top."

And every now and then the little Booboo would call, "Oh, I've found a violet, papa! Oh, here's a johnny-jump-up!"

And his father would say, "Yes, yes, I see them. Dear old Queen Ann is covered with flowers. She is beautifully dressed this morning."

And up they climbed, and up they climbed till they came to the very top, and then they sat down to rest.

And oh, how far they could see — to the east, and the west, and the north, and the south, they could see for miles and miles.

But near, quite near, on the side of the hill a flock of sheep was feeding. And the little Booboo jumped up and ran down among them. And away the sheep ran, this way, and that

way, and the little silver bells they wore on their necks went tinkle, tinkle, tinkle. But one little lamb stood still, and looked



"BA-BA!"

at Robbie with his soft eyes, and said, "Ba-ba, ba-ba," and shook his head.

And the big Booboo laughed, "The little lamb says, 'Run away little boy, you can frighten my brothers, but you can't frighten me.'"

And just then the lamb kicked up his heels, and away he ran down the hill. And the little Booboo ran after him, and he ran so fast that he tripped his toe and tumbled down and rolled over and over and over down the hill — over and over till he came to some bushes that stopped him. And there he laid and screamed and cried till his father came and found him. (He thought he was hurt, but he wasn't hurt — he was only dizzy and frightened.)

And his father said, "Jump up, little man, jump up, little man. Dear old Queen Ann will wonder what all this noise means."

And Robbie sat up and looked around. "I rolled down the hill," he said. "I rolled over, and over, and over!"

And the little lamb stood near and looked at Robbie with his soft eyes. "Ba-ba," he said, "Ba-ba," which meant "Why do you cry, little boy? Why do you cry?"

And the big Booboo and the little Booboo went down the hill and the little lamb followed them — all the way down the zig-zag, zig-zag path the little lamb followed them. And through the meadow he followed them — all along the zig-zag, zig-zag path he followed them clear to the garden gate.

So the big Booboo bought the lamb for the little Booboo, and he came into the garden and lived.

*Gertrude Smith, author of "Arabella and Araminta Stories."*

## GOD'S EYES.

TWO bright little eyes look up at the skies,  
And gaze at the stars in mute surprise —  
Then, turning to mother, small Isabel cries,  
"No wonder Dod sees us, wiv all of his eyes!"

*Joe Cone.*

# Lost—Little Dog Brownie.



MY little dog's lost!  
Please hunt him for me;  
I'm sure you will know him  
From others, for he  
Always turns roun' and roun'  
Before he lies down;  
When this you see,  
Please bring him to me!

He has fringe on his tail,  
And fringe on his legs;  
He will give you his right paw,  
He sits up and begs;  
And he turns roun' and roun'  
Before he lies down;  
When this you see,  
Just bring him to me!

He's all over brown,  
Except his black nose;  
He takes his tail with him  
Wherever he goes;

And he turns roun' and roun'  
Before he lies down  
When this you see,  
Bring him right back to me!

He is small for his age,  
You can very soon see —  
But if you're not quite sure  
It really is he,  
If he turns roun' and roun'  
Before he lies down,  
It Brownie must be!  
Lead him straight home to me!

*Margaret Madden.*

---

## HARRY HETH'S POCKETS.

THE pockets were new; the first he ever had, and they were in a pair of small scarlet trousers trimmed with black braid and brass buttons. They were the first trousers he had ever had, too, and he was proud of them, as proud as any little boy of to-day would be. For Harry Heth lived a long time ago — he was my grandmother's little brother.

But the pockets! Such wee little pockets as they were to hold so much, for everything went into them, from Harry Heth's own small dimpled hand and the smooth white pebbles in the garden path, to his sister's needle-case or his mother's keys, until when anything about the house was missing someone was sure to say, "Better look in Harry Heth's pockets!" This was before he went to visit Grandma — *my* great-great-grandma.

Grandma lived in the country on a plantation — for Harry Heth was a little Southern boy — and when they went to visit her it took one whole day to reach her house. And it took two carriages to hold them all, besides the three big brothers who

rode on horseback. His father and mother and his two sisters and he were in the first carriage, with trunks and bonnet boxes on top; and his black mammy, and his papa's black Andrew, and his mama's black Lilly, and his brother's black Peter, and his sister's black auntie were in the second carriage, with more trunks and bonnet boxes on top.

Harry Heth was asleep when they reached Grandma's, and



"O SEE! TONY!" CRIED HARRY HETH.

they tumbled him into bed without once waking him. But the next morning he was down stairs, in the garden, long before his sisters had thought about getting their eyes open.

"Hi, dar, Marse Harry Heth!" called Tony, Grandma's kind old gardener. "Jis yo' see what I got here!"

And there in the corner of the garden, Tony showed the delighted little boy twelve wee, wee chickens, all yellow, and not more than a day old.

"O see! Tony!" cried Harry Heth, "little cunnin' baby chickens!" and he played with them until breakfast time.

At breakfast he was very quiet, but there was a funny little

noise every once in a while that made Harry Heth's mother look behind her.

"*Peep, peep,*" went the noise. Even Grandma heard it, and everyone tried to find out what it was.

"What *is* that?" they said. Only Harry Heth sat quietly eating his breakfast.

"It was on that side of the table," said Harry Heth's big brother.

"*Peep, peep,*" again.

"Why, it is right here, by Harry Heth," suddenly called out the littlest sister.

But Harry Heth did not say a word.

"*Peep! peep!*"

"Harry Heth, come here to me," said his mother, and she put her hand at once into his pockets and drew out one, two, three, four little fluffy yellow chickens!

Another morning after they had sat down to breakfast, Grandma looked about the table as though she were seeking something. Then she put on her spectacles and looked again.

"Strange," she said. "I certainly ordered sausages." Then she called Shadrach.

"Shadrach, where are the sausages? Bring the sausages."

"Please, Missis, Dinah says as how she had the sassages all ready in de kitchum, but she went to take de corn-cake from de oven an' de sassages was gone. She 'specks dat bad hound Carlo must ha' made off wid 'em."

"It is too bad!" said Grandma. "You always liked old Dinah's sausages so much" (this to Harry Heth's father), "that I had them made especially for you. That bad, bad Carlo must be punished for stealing.

Then Harry Heth stood up. "The dog didn't take your sausages, Grandma. Here they are," and Harry Heth took the crisp brown sausages out of his little red pockets.

"I might have known it!" said his mother. "But this is too much! When it comes to sausages, those pockets must be sewed up." But they were not.

WHAT DID THE BLACK CAT DO? GUESS!

(V)



When the children came home from school, they all had special things which they liked to do. Polly was fond of sewing. She had a



lined with pink silk, and  and a silver  and  and a cunning red emery shaped like a big .

She made many pretty things with her nimble fingers. Prissy liked better to read. She would take a 

and an  and curl up among the sofa-  
 and read all the afternoon. Fred

loved to draw  and paint them. He

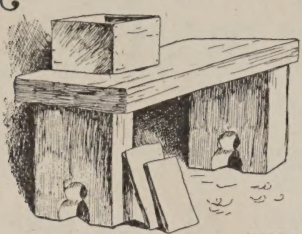
meant to be a great artist when he grew up, and he

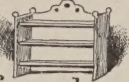
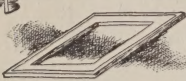
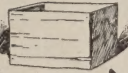
had  and 

and a cunning little china

and a box full of nice paints and crayons.



Tom was a carpenter. He had a fine  
 in his room, and a  and a  and a , and all the things  
 a carpenter uses. He had

made a pretty  for Mama, and doll's  
   for his sisters. Now he was  
 making a  for Papa's birthday.  
 Mama was going to help choose a   
 to put in it. One day Maggie went up  
 stairs with her  and  to  
 sweep Tom's room. The frame stood on  
 a  in the corner.

When Maggie opened  
 the door, she began to  
 laugh. "Come softly, mam,  
 and look!" she said. "Mas-  
 ter Tom will not have  
 to buy a picture for his  
 frame!" And what had the



Black Cat done? Guess!  
 Margaret Johnson.



## HOUSEKEEPING FOR CHILDREN.

THERE is at hand in every home a means of educating children—means and measures in which most of our schools are lacking. There is nothing that will train a child into habits of attention, concentration, system and order any better than regular duties in the household.

Then, too, there is another faculty that is quite as important in life, that I think is often overlooked by educators. This is the opposite quality to concentration. We make a great deal of a child's holding his mind on a matter in hand, but it is just as important that he should be quick to turn his attention to "the next thing." The word that best expresses this faculty is "alertness."

If a woman gets up in the morning and prepares an ordinary breakfast—we will say coffee, biscuit and poached eggs—she has to be able to carry all these things in her mind at once, in order to have them all in readiness at the proper time. Should she concentrate her attention upon the biscuit, the coffee is likely to be neglected. If she attends to her table entirely, the eggs will probably be cooked too hard. Now, when a child is brought up to think that it is a matter of course that she should assist in the housework, she learns all this so that "alertness" becomes mechanical to her.

In our own household, we teach our children that they are part of the family; that they receive and they should give, and that they must do their part of what makes the home bright, cheery and comfortable. The two little girls have made their own beds since they were four years old, and are taught to take care of their own clothing. After breakfast one assists upstairs in the chamber-work, while the other washes the glasses and silver. We have them do this "week about," as they get much more out of it by working the entire

(Continued on page ii.)

## Bemis Eye Sanitarium.

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For example, if there is atrophy of the nerve, or any other of the several afflictions to which the eye is troubled, it is due to the fact that the eye has become sluggish and dormant. The theory is to wake up that sluggish eye and make every part perform the functions which nature assigns to that part. "The treatment is to act directly upon the eye as an organ by various harmless agents applied to stimulate and to vitalize the eye: then the circulation may be restored, the blood will be thrown back on all the parts where it is needed to nourish, so there need be no disease of the eyes which cannot be reached by this treatment, thus avoiding the knife and all risk.

"I consulted Dr. Knapp, of New York, and Dr. Pope, of New Orleans, who diagnosed my case as Atrophy. After one year's treatment they pronounced my case hopeless. In July, 1896, I consulted E. H. Bemis, Eye Specialist, one eye being nearly sightless and the other only available with the aid of a strong magnifying glass. I had nothing to lose and a great deal to gain. After treatment the strong magnifying glass was discarded and glasses used years ago enabled me to read."

An average of over 6,000 treatments given monthly at the Bemis Sanitarium, and hundreds successfully treated at their homes by mail. Pamphlet free, describing treatment.

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We Have No Branch Offices.

week in one department. Then one washes the lunch dishes one week and the other the next. They alternate in the same way in assisting the cook in getting dinner.

These little girls can set the table nicely. They can remove the plates, and serve the dessert, as well as most grown people. Indeed, our little Alice was able to do this before she was five years old for a dinner of three courses for twelve people, and did it all without any assistance or any mistake. This is especially one thing that children like to do. We can begin with them very early in having them serve fruits and nuts at an informal evening lunch.

I have had children under two years of age carry around candy and grapes to guests. My theory is that children desire at a very early age to do what older people do; and when they desire to do it that is the time to give them the lesson, and let it become a part of their life so that they expect to do it. Of course this teaching takes patience and management, and yet the outcome pays well because it educates the child into ways of usefulness, and efficiency.

A. B. Stockham.



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Twenty-five cents a bottle.



#### ONE-WORD-PUZZLE.

My mother — me with a — to buy  
some — for her handkerchief.

V. C.

#### EASY FLOWER ENIGMS.

My *first* is in myrtle and mignonette.  
My *second* in the mayflower pink is set.  
My *third* in the marigold you see,  
My *fourth* in the meadowsweet ever  
will be  
And my *whole* — it is very dear to you,  
A friend that is always loving and  
true!

A. C. D.

#### PASTIME CHARADE.

My *first* is present, my *second* past:  
My *whole* is up and down.  
My *first* you do, my *second's* done —  
Perhaps 'twas with a frown.

Again, my *second* makes my *whole*  
In spite of axiom true;  
To balance all is in my role —  
We'll try it now, we two!

Virginia Lee Cooke.

#### "SAME SOUND" WORD-PUZZLE.

1. I — seeing the comet because  
the — was so dense.
2. When asked why she —, she  
said she had a pain in her —.
3. If you — that flag, we will —  
the building to the ground!
4. —, it does not pay one to —  
anything.
5. The petition was — down be-  
fore the king's —.
6. The boys — the ball right  
— the window.
7. I — not go through that dark  
— at night.

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PUTNEY, VERMONT.

*Dear Little Folks:*—I am a little girl only nine years old. I like you so very much that I am going to tease my papa to put one dollar in this letter, so you can come to me for one whole year, then perhaps I can get some names to send next year. I am going to school, so do not get time now.

Bessie E. Kendall.

If Bessie will lend one or two numbers of her magazine to her schoolmates she will not have to wait until next year to "get some names." Bessie will find it is easy to "make scribes" for LITTLE FOLKS.

MEDFORD, MASS.

*Dear Little Folks:*—To-night when my papa sat down to the supper table I told him that I was going to write to LITTLE FOLKS, he said "All right." So I sat down and began writing this letter. Papa didn't help me at all. We have a yellow and white cat named Kitty-puss, and we sometimes call him "Laller-Tat." He knows a good deal. He knows the postman, too. When he sees the postman coming he runs to the front door, waiting to be let in. When he wants to play and we don't want to play with him, he runs around after his tail and turns head over heels, and when he catches the tail in his paws he bites it and scampers away. Grandma says when the cat runs

around the house after his tail it's a sure sign the wind is going to blow, and I guess that is why the wind blows so hard sometimes.

Richard Saville.

PORTLAND, OREGON.

*Dear Little Folks:*—I saw something not long ago, that I think you will like to read about. It was an *ant-hill*. A great many of you have seen the pretty little ant-hills as big as half a peach that are so common, but not many of you who live in the East, have seen an ant-hill bigger than a large wash-tub! The one I saw was as large as that—and not yet finished. I watched the ants at work for a long time, and it was very wonderful to see how patient they were. The ant-hill was built upon a log, the wood of which was quite soft with dry decay. They built it of bits of sticks, and grass, and pine needles, held together with the dust of the decayed wood which they gathered from the log. The whole top of the hill was so thickly covered with ants, that they often ran over each other; but ants never quarrel. They all kept busy without a minute's rest from morning to night.

They were different looking ants from the ones that build the little ant-hills. They had bright red heads and black bodies, and were about as big as the flies that run on window panes. To get the bits of dry grass and pine needles and stems they sometimes went ever so many feet away from the hill, and it looked very strange to see a little ant carrying a stem or straw as long, almost, as a match, and it was particularly interesting to see how they manage to carry it through and over the perfect net-work of pine needles that covered the ground, without hitting it, or dropping it; and if one

(Continued on page iv.)

# PRUDENT MOTHERS USE FEHR'S TALCUM POWDER

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of them did drop its stick it picked it up patiently and went on again.

A few days afterward I went to look at the big ant-hill again. Something very funny happened, while I was looking. A long procession of ants came one by one out of the hill, each carrying a white bundle that looked like a grain of rice; each ant laid his bundle down and went back for another. I couldn't *think* what they were doing, because I don't know much about ants, but when I went back to the house I looked in one of my "Nature Readers," and there I found out. These little white bundles were the little worms that were going to turn into ants by and by—the "ant babies"—and the full-grown ants were taking care of them, and taking them out for an airing, the way that real babies are taken out for a walk—wasn't that funny?

H. R. Eliot.



The April number will be the Easter number of *LITTLE FOLKS*. Mr. Thomson will relate a remarkable true story of what happened to some Easter eggs sixty-five years ago. There will be an "Easter bonnet" story—of a new kind. The number will open with a long poem by Mrs. Diaz, "The New Baby," accompanied by a beautiful frontispiece by Rosina Emmett Sherwood. There will be a queer kitten story, and a queerer duckling story. The "talk" of "The Alphabet Beautiful" will tell something about the shepherd's crooks of the fairies. And, especially for children who are afraid at night, there will be a poem by Mrs. McCullough, "The Friendly Dark."

If you have a friend who would like to subscribe for *LITTLE FOLKS* but does not feel able to do so, tell them how easy it is to have it free. *Anyone* can find two people who will subscribe, and the publisher will send *LITTLE FOLKS* free for a year to any one who sends two subscribers. A sample to be used for this purpose will be sent free.

The Editors are receiving from Fathers and Mothers the interesting *sayings and doings of children*. All are invited to contribute.

Photographs for the next Baby Show may be sent now, direct to the Editors of *LITTLE FOLKS*, Warner, N. H.

All readers are invited to write letters to the "Letter Bag."

## Any One

Sending the publisher of *LITTLE FOLKS* one subscriber, not in their own family, may have free their choice of any of the valuable books mentioned below. These books are well printed, on good paper, bound in brocaded silk celluloid, with pearl edge, or in ivory celluloid, pearl edge, with handpainted flower decoration, and are very attractive. These books retail for \$1.00 at the bookstores, and will be sent in a box, postpaid.

1. CRANFORD. Mrs. Gaskell.
2. A WINDOW IN THRUMS. J. M. Barrie.
3. RAB AND HIS FRIENDS. John Brown.
5. IDLE THOUGHTS OF AN IDLE FELLOW. Jerome K. Jerome.
6. TALES OF SHAKESPEARE. Charles and Mary Lamb.
7. SESAME AND LILIES. John Ruskin.
9. PLEASURES OF LIFE. Sir John Lubbock.
10. SCARLET LETTER. Nathaniel Hawthorne.
18. IMITATION OF CHRIST. Thomas à Kempis.
19. ADDRESSES. Henry Drummond.
20. REVERIES OF A BACHELOR. Ik Marvel.
22. SARTOR RESARTUS. Thomas Carlyle.
24. UNCLE TOM'S CABIN. Harriet Beecher Stowe.
26. SKETCH BOOK. Washington Irving.
27. KEPT FOR THE MASTER'S USE. Frances Ridley Havergal.
28. LUCILE. Owen Meredith.
29. LALLA ROOKH. Thomas Moore.
30. LADY OF THE LAKE. Sir Walter Scott.
31. MARMION. Sir Walter Scott.
32. PRINCESS. Alfred, Lord Tennyson.
33. CHILDE HAROLD. Lord Byron.
34. IDYLLS OF THE KING. Alfred, Lord Tennyson.
40. POE'S POEMS.
45. ADDRESSES BY PHILLIPS BROOKS.
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51. ROYALTY OF FRIENDSHIP. Classical selections.
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54. MY KING AND HIS SERVICE. Frances Ridley Havergal.
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62. LIGHT OF ASIA. Sir Edwin Arnold.
65. FAUL AND VIRGINIA. Bernardin de St. Pierre.
70. ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND. Lewis Carroll.
73. THE BLITHEDALE ROMANCE. Hawthorne.
85. TEN NIGHTS IN A BAR ROOM. T. S. Arthur.
87. ÆSOP'S FABLES. Illustrated.
90. TREASURE ISLAND. Robert Louis Stevenson.
93. HAMLET, and OTHELLO. Shakespeare.
95. MERCHANT OF VENICE and MID-SUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM. Shakespeare.

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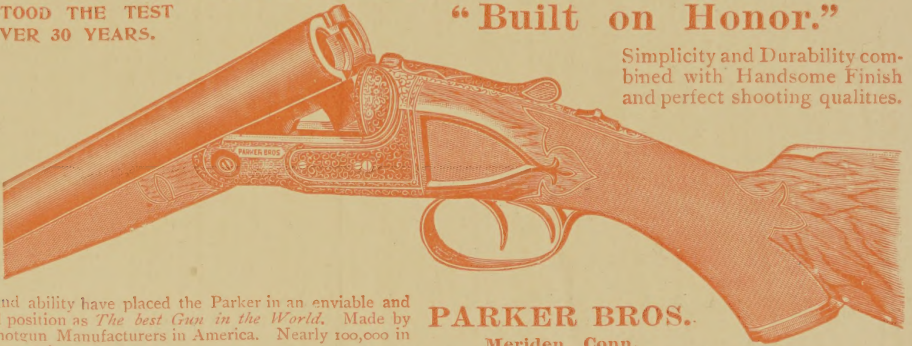
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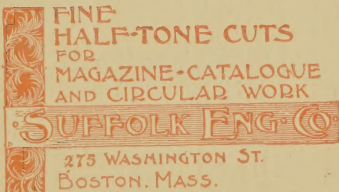
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To those who regularly pur-  
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stands the publisher will make  
the same Special Offer as to  
subscribers, of a Set of Eight  
very attractive Etchings. If  
you care to know what the  
offer is write for information.

## A Bright Boy in Michigan Did This.

*This boy wanted to get a copy of LITTLE FOLKS free, for a present to his younger sister, but he found his friends were, like himself, too poor to afford the dollar, just after spending all their money for Christmas. What do you think he did? Well, he went around among his friends and others and found twenty-one who wanted the magazine and who promised to buy it from him every month at ten cents a number. It was only one cent every three days, and as he said "most any fellow can get hold of a cent once in three days." (The publisher thinks the parents will help out if the ten cents has not been saved when the magazine comes, for they are frequently glad to assist their little folks.) After securing twenty-one subscribers who would take LITTLE FOLKS and pay each month when the magazines was brought to them, this bright boy wrote to the publisher and asked him if he would please let him have twenty-one copies each month and pay for them when he received them. Of course the publisher who wants to please every boy and girl, said "Yes," although it makes more trouble in "keeping accounts." So every month a parcel containing twenty-one numbers of LITTLE FOLKS is sent post-paid to the Michigan boy and he at once takes them to his subscribers, a list of whom he keeps carefully and collects ten cents from each. His subscribers are pleased because their magazines come clean and flat without any creases in them. It takes about an hour to deliver the books and it costs him three cents for a money order (his father gives him a postage stamp) to send the money to the publisher, and he will make \$7.00 in the year. He will probably make more for he says "I shall have more subscribers by the time the next number is out." And the publisher sent him a copy free for his little sister. He deserved it — don't you think so?*

### How Would You Like to Do the Same?

*The publisher would like to have the brightest girl or boy in any town or city do the same. You know the publisher's name; you will find it in several places on the magazine pages.*